The Sketch

No. 2653—Vol. CCIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1946 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

"I'VE BEEN PAINTED BY PICASSO . . . ."

In a chic fish-hat, HERMIONE GINGOLD, *the Ambassadors star of "Sweetest and Lowest," makes Picasso's perfect model in "Self-portrait." "Art is not meant to please, but to make people think; hence triangular trees, and not green grass, but pink," she says! and acidly complains of "being painted sticking half-way through a mangle. It wasn't very dignified, but I'm told the whole thing signified 'The Rape of Lucrece'—from the modern angle."*

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

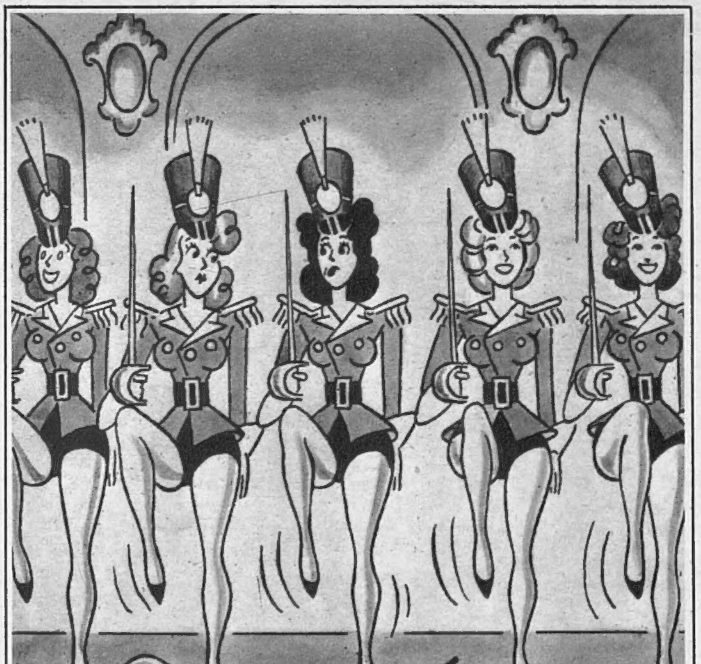
Merrie England. What liars poets are! A long time ago some reckless rhymester applied to the month of May the adjective "merry"—or "merrie," if you want to be *really* literary. It has been intolerably merry ever since. People who ought to know better have joined in the conspiracy; for instance, one of the most lovely songs in the world, by an otherwise admirable person named Schumann, is entitled "In the Wonder-Beautiful Month of May." Well, this much-boosted month may be all it is cracked up to be, but if so it is a merrie thing and a wonder-beautiful thing to be lacerated, as by knives and swords, by perpetual winds straight from the North Pole. I dare say seals and penguins enjoy this kind of merriment, but not human beings. I esteem lilac and laburnum, "wild hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine," and all the rest, but what is the good of them under an inky sky? At no time during the winter have I been so chilled to the marrow as by the wonder-beauty of this Maytime. The misguided people who get up at dawn and climb towers and dance jigs and sing songs of joy on May 1 seem to me to have mistaken the date for April 1.

"Of course, you'll be expected to buy the fittings . . ."
DRAWN BY BARRY APPLEBY.

Out of Joint. Never have I known such an epidemic of creaking joints. Hardly anybody you meet can move his neck more than an inch in any direction, and half the population seems to be hobbling about bent into semi-anthropoid attitudes, or lying in bed and applying various forms of thermodynamics to the affected part. You can hear joints grating and muscles groaning in all directions, when the noise isn't drowned by coughs, sniffs and sneezes. The other day I saw a young and hearty cricketer struck stiff in a bending posture and practically carried off the field. The rest of the team, with two sweaters per man, blue hands and pink noses, were doing their best to pretend that they were playing a "summer game," at intervals flapping their arms and beating their breasts like old-fashioned cabmen. Oh, a jolly, merry month! Forgive my bitterness. As you may have suspected, this is the heart-cry of a snuffling, creaking victim of this rollicking time of Maying. Well, I've got something off my chest, even if I haven't got it off the small of my back!

They Nobbut Sit. Perhaps it is the unseasonable weather which has lent, if I mistake not, a certain touch of asperity to debates in the House of Commons. Amid personal recriminations and angry exchanges, it is gratifying to know that a few things at least remain unmoved and detached. Thus one Member has assured the Government that the Pyramids, unlike his political opponents, sit firmly on their bases (I *think* the word was "bases") instead of whirling on their heads. It is a pretty conceit, and one entirely in accord with the general international situation, that the Pyramids should stand, or even whirl, on their heads. The only time I ever saw them there was such a vicious sandstorm, and I was so disagreeably affected by the unaccustomed motion of a spavined camel, that I should not have cared at all which end was uppermost. However, it is nice to know that a few ancient institutions still keep their poise, when so few other things seem able to sit, or stand, upon their bases.

"Lot 65. . . . Three spades; I'm bidder—will anyone say three no-trumps?" [DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.]



No. 3: "I thought I had finished with all this when I was demobbed!" [DRAWN BY BEAR.]

Dropping the Aitch. In the more serene atmosphere of the House of Lords, where one expects educational advantages, there has been a question of aspirates—a matter which, perhaps, it would not be tactful to raise in the Commons. Many of us have been worried from time to time about that intrusive *h* in Magna Charta. One thing or the other, we have said—Magna Carta or Big Charter—but you can't have it both ways. This appears to be false reasoning; a flood of etymology has been let loose; noble lords have been hurling raw lumps of Catullus at each other, and it appears to be doubtful whether Charta is Latin or Greek, or a bit of both. The Lord Chancellor has cut the knot by advising their Lordships to "drop the *h*," and their Lordships, perhaps (but who knows?) for the first time in their lives, have dropped it with a bump. It is probable that the controversy will be of little interest to the vast

American public, which regards Magna Charta with even more reverence than the Atlantic Carta.

Arise, Utopia ! If I referred to an occasional touch of acrimony in the House of Commons, I did not mean to imply that there was not also a very inspiring strain of idealism from time to time. Thus, one Minister has suggested that the plans for Utopia have been filed for a long time and that we ought now to get on with building it. I thought that it was Jerusalem that we were expected to build on the green and pleasant land—and there are some who think that we have gone a long way in that direction—but, to judge by some of the things which have been happening in Jerusalem lately, I doubt whether the Ministry of Town and Country Planning would be wise to take it as a model. As for Utopias, I have had no experience of them, but I remember some acute Frenchman being quoted by Mr. Aldous Huxley, at the beginning of " Brave New World," as saying that the trouble with Utopias is that they tend to materialise. That is indeed a solemn thought. By the way, are there any bricks for Utopia ?

No Shortage. One of the many attractions of Utopia is that it provides safe and dignified employment for an almost unlimited number of persons. Nobody seems able to say exactly how many bureaucrats in this country sit, like the Pyramids, firmly on their sites, but I see that one Member of Parliament calculates that of our total labour force of some 20,000,000 men and women only about a half are engaged in producing anything except forms, files and figures ; and that there are about twice as many Civil Servants as there are persons employed in our largest industry, agriculture. It is a great comfort to know that we need feel no anxiety about keeping up the supply of back-room boys and girls. There is a boom in babies at present—such a boom that the hospitals are becoming extremely worried. It should be a great satisfaction to expectant parents to feel that every second boy or girl " who 's born into this world alive " is assured a safe job sending out buff forms to every other little boy and girl. That 's the way to get on with Utopia !

Back-Chat.

And, indeed, every day in every way we are getting on—exactly *where to* is not quite clear, but still, we are getting on. Take the telephone. Hitherto it has merely been a means of talking. It was only a question of time before it began to talk on its own account, like Balaam's ass. That is what is now being done by an instrument which scientists, with that fine, bold mixture of languages of which they are so fond, call an ipsophone. If you 're out, or dead, or merely telephone-shy, it will give a message for you, and apparently take messages too, and then behave like a dictaphone. This opens up new vistas. There are a good many messages I should like to leave for certain callers. For example: " Mr. Kemp is out, but says will you please call again next time he is out." Or: " Mr. Kemp says that whatever it is, the answer is no." And I can think of even shorter, crisper messages, just three words long.

The Promoter : " You realise what you 've done to me . . . don't you ? "

DRAWN BY STARKE.

" I must be getting old, darling. When a man says I 'm simply *marvellous*, I just *don't believe him* ! " [DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.]

Brightening Things Up.

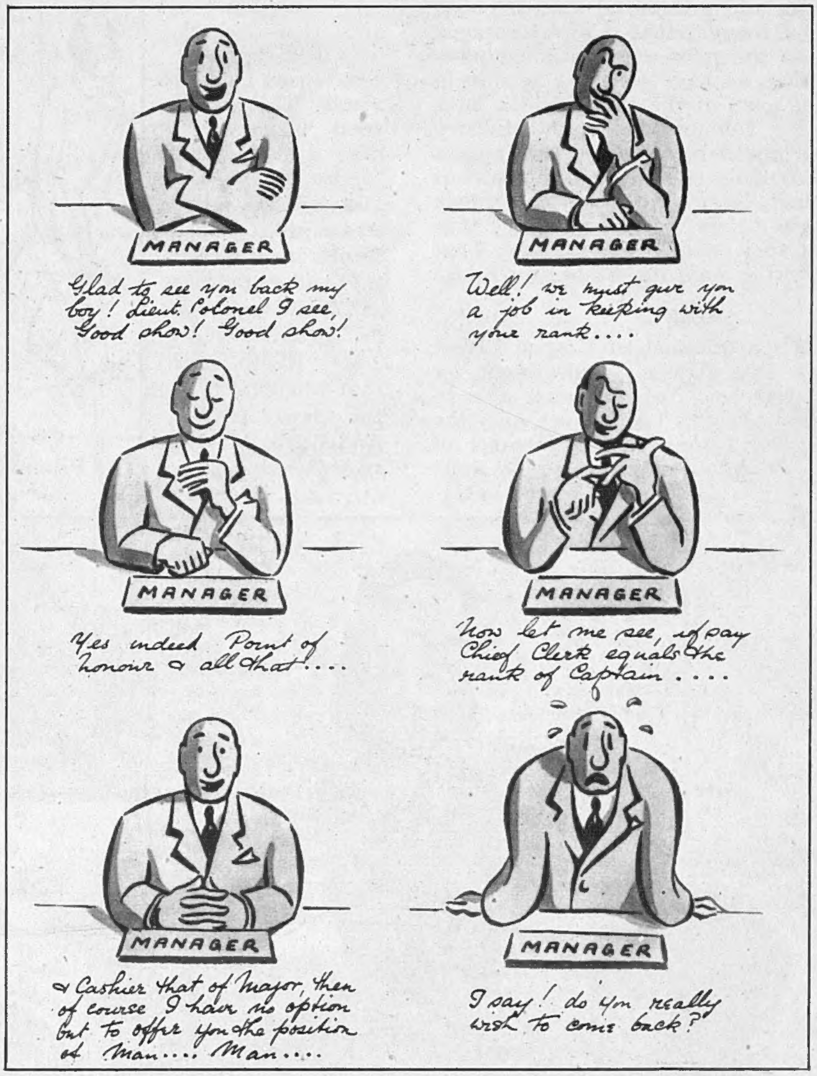
I suppose the atom bomb is getting on, too. A distinguished scientist has recommended a new use for it. He wants to explode a bomb inside a mountain full of coal and turn all the coal into diamonds. It sounds attractive, but the question immediately arises : what would one do with a sack of diamonds ? It is the sort of thing which does not happen outside the "Arabian Nights," and the number of Oriental potentates who buy precious stones by the hundredweight is rapidly diminishing. As for a mountain of diamonds, the only use I can suggest for it is to offer it to the United States in payment of the loan. It may brighten up the Statue of Liberty, or the dome of the Capitol, to stud them with Koh-i-Noors ; or, even better, the gems could be just stowed away in vaults against a rainy day. Then all the economists would be satisfied.

[*Continued overleaf.*

The one-hundred-and-forty-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of* " The Sketch " *is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

Ashes to Ashes.

Scientists may be able to make diamonds out of coal, but it is extraordinary how they break down over the little things. I read that half-a-million pipes have been sold in this country since last July, and yet there is a shortage. No more briarwood left! This seems to be an opportunity for plastics, and we are promised almost every other necessity of life in this material, but I have not yet heard of a plastic pipe. One of the consequences of this oversight is that more cigarettes are being smoked, and a further consequence is that everything is being littered with ash as by a volcanic eruption. The housewives of Ealing (it is reported) are finding so much ash among the cabbages, and so many cigarette-ends among the potatoes, for which they spend half their lives queueing-up, that they have threatened a Consumers' Strike. They are tired, they say, of sarcastic remarks from unfeeling husbands, such as, "Why not a little boiled coke, darling, or some stewed clinker?" Then there is the social pest who spreads ash all over the plates and saucers, thus mixing grit in the washing-up; and the incendiarist garage assistant who fills up the tank with a fag drooping from his lips. For such ash-scatterers there is only one just fate: their own ashes ought to be scattered.

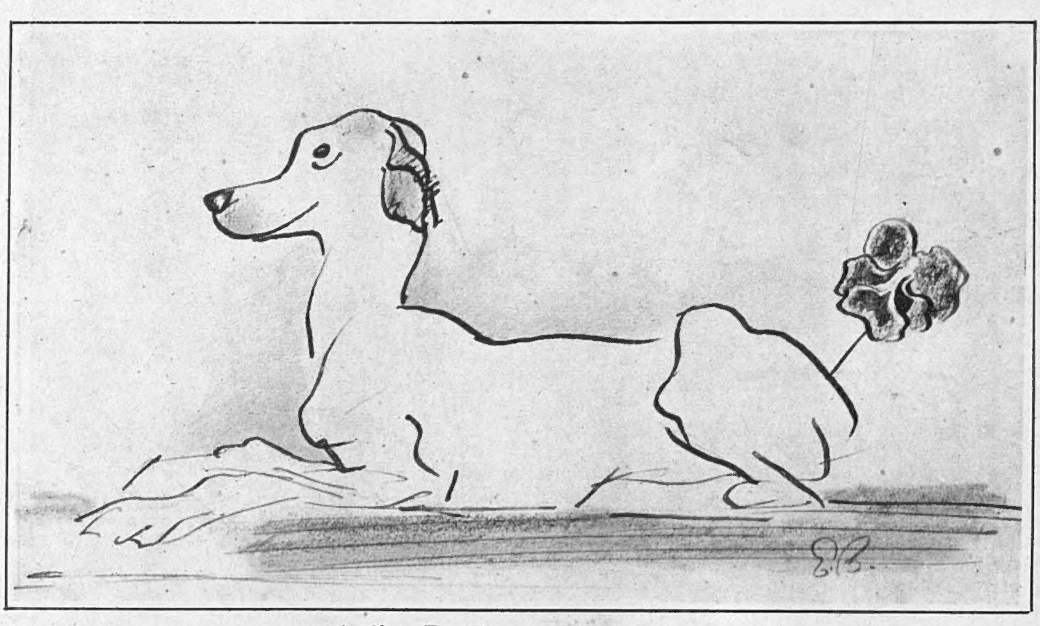


Demobilisation . . . Calculation . . . Disintegration.

DRAWN BY TURNBULL.

Rare and Refreshing.

Life, it has been said, is mainly froth and bubble, and the froth is a sort of storm in a pewter at present. I have referred to the subject before, but I see that the public mind is still uneasy. Reduced to its simplest terms, the question is this: is froth beer? If not, is a pint of beer with an inch of froth on it a pint of beer, or merely nine-tenths of a pint of beer? To me, the discussion is academic, because I have yet to meet the pint of post-war draught beer which is capable of frothing. A much more interesting point would be: is froth refreshment? The question has arisen in the courts with regard to a loaf of bread, and it has been held that "bread is just as much refreshment as a bun or a sandwich." That undoubtedly sums it up, though the degree to which the refreshee is actually refreshed will depend upon the condition, at all material times, of the loaf, bun or sandwich. It is well to have had this question legally decided, for obviously no profession is better qualified to pronounce on the nature of refreshment than one which lives on refreshers.



Arrière Pensée. [DRAWN BY BLAMPIED.]

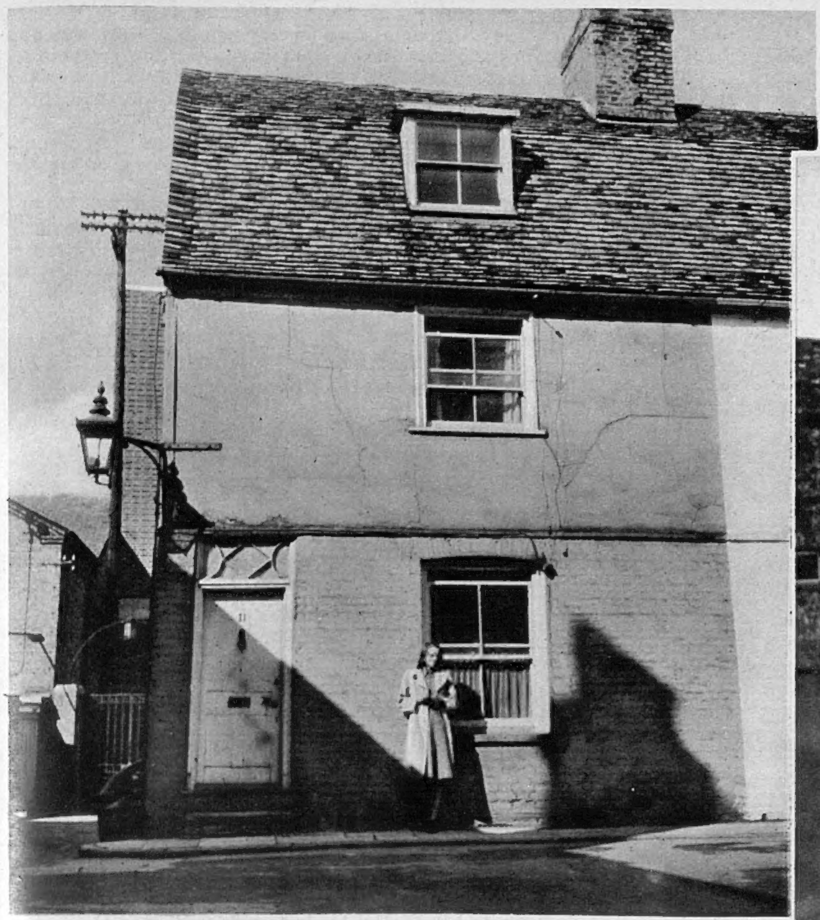
Plug-Ugly.

To revert to the subject of froth, some people complain of a certain amount of it on their pint of radio programme. They do not seem to appreciate the privilege, soon to be theirs, of paying twice as much for it as they have paid hitherto. Such is my innocence that I did not realise, until I read some "revelations" (which I always take "with a certain reserve," as they say in diplomatic circles) about a curious practice known as "song-plugging." This consists, it seems, in prevailing on artists, by various kinds of inducements, to "plug" into their programmes songs and "numbers" which it is desired to popularise. The merit of the "number" (it is alleged) is the least important consideration, the most important being, of course, sales. "I know not how the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me"; but, if true, it accounts for the fact that some of the "numbers" one hears are not so much compositions as decompositions. Whether they will be doubly attractive when our licence fees are doubled remains to be seen—and heard. I hope the new features will include the Ernie Rumba.

Wonderful World.

A five-roomed house in San Diego, Cal., is offered free to anybody who will undertake to look after the owner's pets, which include 108 cats. Twenty cats per room may seem a little excessive, but in the present housing shortage it is a small price to pay for a house guaranteed absolutely mouse-proof and visitor-proof.—Four men are charged with having stolen 144,000 2½d. stamps. Can anybody please tell me what you do with 144,000 stamps if you happen to possess them?—A negro in Louisiana, who survived 11,000 volts on the "hot chair," said that "it tickled a little, but didn't hurt." I now know what is meant by being "tickled to death."—Mr. Ray Milland, that masterly week-end-loser, says that when women drink too much "they literally fall apart." Fallen angels are sad enough, but fallen-apart angels are just too bad.

A YANK AT CAMBRIDGE.



In front of her cottage in Little St. Mary's Lane, Cambridge.

Mrs. Chittenden outside the old granary, where the Granta joins the Cam.

The archæologist studies a tiny bronze statue of Hermes.

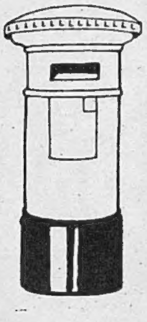
MRS. JACQUELINE CHITTENDEN, third daughter of Mr. Ralph Dawson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York City, studied the classics when a student at Barnard College, University of Columbia. In 1938, having won the George Welwood Murray scholarship, she came to England, joined Newnham College; took a Cambridge degree in classics in 1940. Two years later she took the Diploma in Classical Archæology; was the first woman to be awarded the Craven Studentship. She is now working on research connected with the religion of the ancient Greeks and Romans, gathering material for a book on the god Hermes, known to the Romans as Mercury. In 1944 she was elected a Research Fellow of Newnham College. During the war Mrs. Chittenden was Assistant Director to Mr. Charles Seltman, of Queen's College, Cambridge, in exhibitions of Greek Art held in aid of the Greek Red Cross in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Cambridge, Norwich.

The modern archæologist must own many photographs. Mrs. Chittenden studies photographs of the finest Greek sculpture in the world.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. J. GOODMAN.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When my Agent wrote and told me that my Play was going to be done somewhere in the Midlands, I could hardly believe it was true.

I went out to do my shopping that morning with the letter in my pocket, and the first person I met was Mrs. Savernack, who didn't believe it at all. "My dear Henrietta," she said, "we've heard all that before. Only a few months ago you said it was going to be done in London."

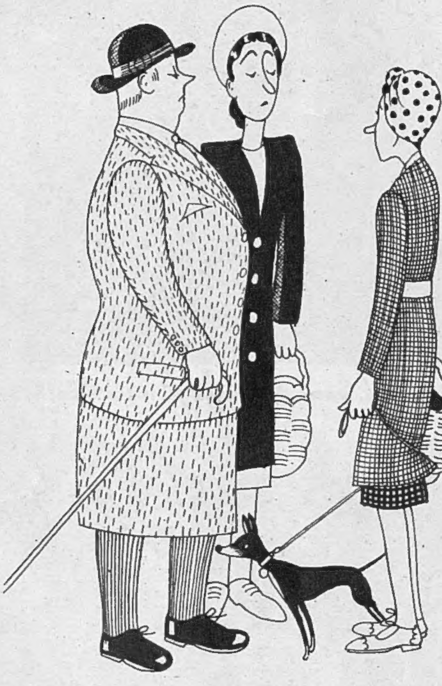
"Well, they couldn't get a Theatre, and it fell through."

"And so will this fall through," said Mrs. Savernack, who isn't really unkind, but doesn't like life to be too easy for her friends.

"What's all this?" said Mrs. Whinebite, coming out of the Butcher's. "Has Henrietta's Play come to life again? My dear Henrietta, if you knew as much about the professional theatre as I do——"

"I think it's my turn for kidneys," I said, and hurried into the Butcher's, for I am sick of Mrs. Whinebite's reminiscences of the professional theatre, which are based on the fact that when she was seventeen she was with a touring company for a month, and said "The carriage waits" every night and twice on Thursdays.

"But how lovely!" cried Lady B. when I told her the news, and enfolded me in a warm and enthusiastic embrace. "Will you go and watch rehearsals?"



"'My dear Henrietta, if you knew as much about the professional theatre as I do ——'"

"If they'll let me."

When I got a kind letter from the Producer saying he had booked me a room in an hotel next the Theatre and rehearsals began on Tuesday, I began to think it must be true.

Even Mrs. Savernack was persuaded that there really was something in it this time, and immediately she was filled with dark forebodings. "Will Charles go with you, Henrietta?" she said gravely.

"He's going to try and get up for the First Night."

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Savernack, patting me kindly on the shoulder, "then he can comfort you if it's a Flop."

"Don't take things to heart too much, Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite.

"Bless you!" said Lady B. "I wish I could be there."

"What will you wear?" said Faith.

"Oh, any old thing."

"But aren't you going to make a speech?"

"No."

"Oh, but you must!"

"No, it would spoil my evening."

"Henrietta's quite right," said Mrs. Whinebite. "Authors are far too fond of pushing themselves forward, and if the play's a Flop it's very embarrassing for everybody." As the day drew near for my departure I was torn between excitement because my Play really was going to see the footlights at last, distress at leaving my home, and anxiety about getting myself to and from Euston, a station which has always filled me with dread.

Charles and Lady B. and Faith and Mrs. Savernack and Mrs. Whinebite all came to see me off at the station. "Take care crossing the roads," said Charles.

"Have you got your hot-water bottle?" said Faith.

"They'll probably interpret your characters quite, quite differently from what you expect," said Mrs. Whinebite. "You'll hardly recognise your play when you see it."

"After all, even if it is a Flop it doesn't really matter," said Mrs. Savernack kindly. "Nobody knows you in Northframpton."

"It won't be a Flop," said Lady B.

The whistle blew and I sank back in my corner seat and closed my eyes. At Euston I put myself unreservedly in the hands of a porter, who put me in the wrong train, which steamed slowly through Northframpton and took me to quite a different place farther up the line. Shaken and exhausted by this disaster, I presented myself at the Theatre that evening and, to my astonishment and delight, was greeted with kindness and courtesy, and told I could watch a rehearsal next morning.

Well, Robert, I had a perfectly happy time there. Everybody was charming, and I take back all I've ever said about Theatre people being difficult. Contrary to Mrs. Whinebite's warnings, the actors and actresses interpreted my characters exactly as I wished them to. It was wonderful to sit there and see the people who had been walking about in my head for months walking about on a real stage and saying what I'd written.

"We passed a hoarding."

Charles came for the week-end, and I went to meet him at the station. Walking back to the hotel, we passed a hoarding, and there was a poster—

"CHIMES"
A COMEDY
by HENRIETTA BROWNE

I clutched Charles's arm and pointed in silence. "Goodness gracious!" said Charles. "It brings it home to one, doesn't it?"

On the opening day telegrams of a rather sinister nature began arriving from home. There was one from the Admiral saying, "Keep your pecker up"; one from Colonel Simpkins saying, "Remember you are a soldier's daughter"; and an even more depressing one which said, "Hoping your play won't be a flop Whinebite." Lady B. raised my drooping spirits a little with "Every good wish for a big success repeat success," but the next one plunged me into gloom again. It said, "Take it on the chin Henrietta loving sympathy Savernack."

"Telegrams of a rather sinister nature."

"You're not eating your dinner," said Charles that evening.

"My mouth's so dry, Charles."

"Ah!" said Charles.

As the curtain went up Charles's warm, comforting hand took mine and gave it a squeeze. "Good luck, Old Girl," he whispered.

They did my Play beautifully, Robert, and the audience liked it. The Producer made a charming speech at the end, and we all had a party in the Bar afterwards.

On the way home in the train next day I said to Charles, "It will be fun to tell them that it wasn't a Flop after all."

Charles said, "It may be fun for you to tell them, but they won't believe you."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

TO HAVE A DANCE GIVEN FOR HER ON JUNE 13.

MISS VENETIA DE WINTON WILLS, *elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Edward de Winton Wills and the late Mrs. de Winton Wills, is a débutante of the year, and is having a dance given for her on June 13 at Claridge's by her father and his cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Wills. She is eighteen years of age, a good lawn-tennis player and skier, a fine horsewoman and rifle-shot. She killed her first royal in Scotland last year. Lieut.-Colonel Edward de Winton Wills has a house, Prosperous, near Hungerford, as well as his Scottish seat, Lochs, Glenlyon, and a London residence. He is the elder son of Sir Ernest Wills, third baronet, of Meggernie Castle and Littlecote, a famous Elizabethan mansion near Hungerford.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

STAGE CAMEOS.

THE war is still with us. In the theatres, as in the queues, it is difficult to escape. The curious sidelight on the life of billeted slum children at the Winter Garden is, however, more palatable than most of the theatrical fag-ends from the war now playing in London. "NO ROOM AT THE INN" claims to be a "new sensational drama." Sensational it certainly is, for it is not every day that evacuee children are lodged in a virtual *maison de passe* by a nincompoop billeting officer, and, driven to desperation by sadistic cruelty, proceed to smother their unsuitable foster-parent. The vile Mrs. Voray, who richly deserves this fate (if there were any justice in drama the billeting officer would share it), is acted with extreme competence by Freda Jackson, and the play, though it tends to move a little slowly to the final climax, is good value. We have heard a great deal of the grubby terrors who were foisted upon the inviolate homes of England. Here is the other side —very much the other side—of the picture.

The original R.A.F. "Gang Show," now presented by Tom Arnold at the Stoll Theatre with elaborate spectacle, is as popular in peacetime as it was with the troops. The scene above, with characters from Dickens' novels come to life, is one of the high spots of this Ralph Reader production.

"FRIEDA," at the Westminster, is also a direct echo of the war, since it handles—with considerable *naïveté*—the problem of the "Hun." The "Hun" in this case is Frieda, who, having risked her life to save an R.A.F. officer escaping from a German prison camp, has returned to England with him as his wife. This addition to the family circle prompts the Dawsons to sit around solemnly and argue—most ineffectively—whether or not the "good" German may be said to exist at all. We discover that the type apparently does, for Frieda turns out at the end of the play to be this *rara Teutonica avis.* By this time, of course, she has been lucky enough to spend seven months in the humanising influence of an English middle-class home. So perhaps she hardly counts after all. A good character study by Barbara Everest (as Mrs. Dawson), and an engaging small boy, are not half-enough to redeem a play that, only a year after the end of the war, is already strangely out of date. It is now difficult to credit the barely adult reactions which Frieda's arrival provokes in the Dawson family and the respectable town of Denbury.

CLIFFORD MOLLISON *appears in "Can-Can" as a Parisian playwright who, finding his Love is to wed Another, disguises himself as a Russian prince to dazzle her.*

Among the inevitable legacies that battle and sudden death seem to bequeath to every post-war world is a neurotic, though understandable, preoccupation with the relations between the living and the dead. For a while mediums multiply, the ether hums with messages from "the other side," and ultimately the problem of the spirit world reaches the footlights. Hence, I suppose, "THE WIND IS NINETY," at the Apollo (matinées only), where the chief character is a ghost. The only thing to be said for the ghost is that it assumes the pleasing shape of Douglass Montgomery, who acts with considerable ability the part of a dead bomber-pilot returning, under the ægis of a half-sardonic Vergil (who turns out to be the Unknown Warrior, 1918 vintage), to establish contact with his devoted family. Contact, as the audience discover through two long acts, is not easy even for so disarming a ghost. Montgomery's stage personality does not save a laboured and catastrophically sentimental play. However, for those who like it, there is a great deal of easy weeping, and the audience begin to feel furtively for handkerchiefs before they are well settled in their seats.

The trouble with so many of the unsatisfactory plays in London—in which category both "Frieda" and "The Wind is Ninety" must be classed—is not that they are "bad" in the ordinary sense (the production is usually tolerable and the acting is often above the average), but that they are simply not adult in intellectual content or emotional approach.

"THE THRACIAN HORSES," at the Hammersmith Lyric, is, thank heaven, for grown-ups. The obvious, except for a shaky ten minutes at the beginning of the second act, is not part of the recipe. We are, in fact, treated like sensible human beings, both by the dramatist and the actors. The play, pervaded by a delightful irony, is a comic but perceptive resetting of the Alcestis story. As has been rightly pointed out, "The Thracian Horses" offers, in spite of a dialogue far less pointed than Girardoux's, something of the urbane flavour of that playwright's lovely "Amphitrion 38." The difficult part of Alcestis is played with great tact, and Sebastian Shaw's Heracles —what a bore the man must have been!—is a major feature in an evening of civilised entertainment. It would be a mistake to miss this play.

"Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall), transferred from the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, is the story of cheery, mischievous R.A.F. men billeted on reluctant Mr. and Mrs. Bounty somewhere up north. The breezy ways of the airmen do not appeal to their hostess or her priggish son. (L. to r.) Bella (DIANA DAWSON), *"Pop"* (JACK HOBBS), *Cockney Porter* (RONALD SHINER), *Taffy* (ERIC DAVIES), *Duke* (ANTHONY BAZELL), *Mark* (JOHN VARLEY).

It would also, though for different reasons, be a grave mistake to miss "SWEETEST AND LOWEST," at the Ambassadors. This new version of an old *tour de force* is as quick, slick and amusing as were its wartime predecessors. Alan Melville's words and Hermione Gingold's talent remain an irresistible mixture, on which it would seem possible to ring the changes almost indefinitely. Dresses and décor are gay and witty; and the humour is deliciously acid—though many of the jokes are so occasional and personal that they demand an audience very much "in the know." Definitely an adult show —at times, perhaps, a show for adults only. R. F.

"Can-Can," big-scale musical at the Adelphi, has music adapted from Offenbach into effective new shapes by Max Grun. Above, centre: ELIZABETH FRENCH, *as Angela, sings "Montparnasse" with the four Boulevardiers, Anton* (JOHN DENIS), *Maurice* (CHARLES MURRAY), *Pierre* (PETER OWEN), *Henri* (WILLIAM MORGAN), *outside the Café Montparnasse. The Pauline Grant ballet dances "Tales of Hoffman."*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (Covent Garden). "SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "THE SACRED FLAME" (Comedy). "MAKE IT A DATE" (Duchess). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick). "HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville). "NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden). "FRIEDA" (Westminster). "CAN-CAN" (Adelphi). "GANG SHOW" (Stoll). "THE KINGMAKER" (St. James's). "THE THRACIAN HORSES" (Lyric, Hammersmith).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"COCKADOODLE-DOO!" said the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up on one celebrated occasion. "Oh, the cleverness of me!" He also observed, if you remember, that he always wanted to stay a little boy and have fun. I am constantly reminded of these immortal lines when I see the work of film director Alfred Hitchcock, and never was I more aware of them than while watching the master's latest film "SPELLBOUND" (Tivoli and London Pavilion). Peter Pan Hitchcock is a very clever boy indeed, and he does not seem to me shy about telling us so. He also, I would suggest, has a marked distaste for growing up, and in his bright, mischievous way always wants to stay a little boy and have fun.

"San Antonio" (Warner, June 7) is in Technicolor. Period: 1877, when organised bands of outlaws fight a savage range war with Texas ranchers. Clay Hardin, head of the cowmen, discovers that Roy Stuart, who runs the Bella Union Music Hall, is the outlaws' leader. Jeanne Starr (ALEXIS SMITH), *singer at the Bella Union, is suspected of ambushing Hardin; whose eventual bloody triumph over the outlaws is crowned by Jeanne's hand.*

His fun is of a rather precocious kind for a youngster, and is often not far removed from a touch of bullying. He loves, for instance, to expose innocent persons to extremities of suspense and terror, to put modest persons into embarrassing situations, and to select the most simple and likeable types for the victims of the grisliest slaughter. When he manacles his heroine to a supposed murderer, when he blows up a schoolboy with a bomb in a bus, when he pushes a small child to his death on a set of spiked railings, you can almost see him rubbing his hands in glee, and hear him chuckling, "Cockadoodle-doo! That 'll teach them to be sentimental!" Yet fun it is of a rather curious kind, part of a great game of bogy with the camera and the spectator's sensibilities, which he plays superbly. Every Hitchcock film is a bag of clever tricks, but increasingly, as the years go on, one begins to fear that it is the tricks and not the films that really interest him.

The latest, "SPELLBOUND," is one of the trickiest of the lot. Hitchcock has found a new set of toys to play with this time—the symbols of the subconscious mind. His new film is all about psychiatrists, psycho-analysts and the interpretation of dreams, and I don't need to tell you how tricksy *that* can be. The heroine, Ingrid

Nan keeps tryst with Bert (PAT PHELAN) *on Christmas Eve at the top of the Washington Monument.*

Bergman, is a resident psychiatrist in an élite institution in Vermont. You know she 's a psychiatrist, because she wears glasses and a white doctor's coat. (Don't be alarmed, she soon takes off her glasses and gets into something fluffy and loose.) When the new head of the institution, Dr. Edwardes (Gregory Peck), arrives, Miss Bergman falls in love with him right away over lunch, but her professional suspicions are aroused by his curious reactions to fork-marks on a table-cloth. The rest of the staff, who are just about as unbalanced as their patients, think nothing of it when Mr. Peck gibbers and turns faint at the sight of anything white, but clever Miss Bergman knows better, and diagnoses him in a flash as an amnesiac with a transferred guilt complex.

Mr. Peck, when pressed, literally and scientifically, in the privacy of his bedroom, insists that he has murdered the real Dr. Edwardes and taken his place. Since the police believe this, too, Mr. Peck thinks it well to run. Miss Bergman, who doesn't believe it at all, catches up with him in a New York hotel, accompanies him in his flight up and down the country, and tries to drag the truth out of him one jump ahead of the law. She does this by urging him to recall his boyhood, and psycho-analysing his dreams. Since the dreams have been contrived by the surréalist smasher, Salvator Dali, this proves to be a somewhat tricky job. But in the end Miss Bergman gets the subconscious symbols sorted out, and is able to present the police with a scientific blue-print of the crime, snatching the innocent Mr. Peck from the electric chair and taking him on a recuperative holiday. In spite of the eminence of the stars, "Spellbound" is Hitchcock's peculiar

Based on Augusta Tucker's best-seller "Miss Susie Slagle's" (Plaza) tells the story of a group of medical students at a famous Baltimore boarding-house. Above: the owner, Miss Susie (LILLIAN GISH) *tries to console Ben* (BILLY DE WOLFE), *whose fiancée has married another man.*

Nan (VERONICA LAKE) *is a student nurse at the hospital.*

picture from beginning to end. Miss Bergman has little to do except suggest devotion (without glasses) and application (with). Mr. Peck has even less. The Peter Pan director, however, has a high time, and manages to embellish "Spellbound" with some of his most ingenious effects.

"DRAGONWYCK" (Odeon), with Gene Tierney and Vincent Price, is adapted from a long American novel which was exciting the library subscribers a few seasons ago. There is nothing really wrong with the film version of "Dragonwyck" except a certain measured laconism, a habit of clinging over-closely to the literary formula. Lovers of the leisurely chronicle form will, no doubt, enjoy it, but I cannot conscientiously recommend it to people whose ideal of a film is something crisp and functional.

The period is 1840 or thereabouts, a time when feudalism was not quite extinct among the landed gentry of America. One of the most blue-blooded and stiff-necked of them all, Nicholas Van Ryn, has engaged a poor relation, Miranda, to come as governess to his small daughter. When Miranda arrives at Dragonwyck, an ancestral hall in sham Gothic straight out of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," she remarks a number of things which might have seemed odd to a slightly brighter woman. Cousin Nicholas is plainly a megalomaniac, his child is a melancholic, his wife is a cringing, gluttonous invalid, and his housekeeper is as mad as a hatter. There is also a portrait of a Van Ryn grandmother which squints when you look at it, and a ghost of the same lady who has a habit of turning up before a family disaster and singing to the harpsichord. Altogether, the bunch at Dragonwyck would have suited psychiatrist Bergman down to the ground.

Miranda, however, is a homely, uncomplicated soul who likes to feel the breeze playing on her face, and she finds nothing out of the way about her surroundings. In fact, she falls in love with the repellant Nicholas, and when his wife dies mysteriously after he has brought her a piece of cake, she marries him. Then alas! alas for poor Miranda! She finds her husband doesn't believe in God. Her child is born with a malformed heart and dies. Nicholas shuts himself up in his tower room and takes to drugs. Miranda herself is slowly poisoned, and learns that Nicholas is simply repeating the programme he has used on his first wife. At last the lord of Dragonwyck goes stark, staring mad in an emblazoned dressing-gown, enthrones himself on a coronation chair and holds an imaginary ceremony of homage. The family ghost sings, and the local doctor shoots Nicholas through the heart.

Pictorially speaking, "Dragonwyck" is a heavy, handsome piece of work. Miss Tierney has never appealed to me as the world's best actress, but she has a nice figure for a frock and the simple babble that represents Miranda's conversation seems well within her compass. Vincent Price, as the crazy Nicholas, speaks his lines beautifully, just like someone at the B.B.C.

CAPTAIN THE HON. GRAHAM C. LAMPSON, *Scots Guards, elder son of Lord Killearn, married* MISS NADINE PILCHER, *only daughter of Vice-Admiral Cecil H. Pilcher and Mrs. Pilcher, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

MISS E. HELEN HUME HENDERSON, *of Martin's Hall, Stebbing, Braintree, daughter of the late Brig.-General M. Hume Henderson, has married a gipsy,* MR. ARTHUR SMITH, *formerly employed by her mother as a gardener. He is related to Gipsy Smith, the evangelist.*

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOINGS BY CAMERA:

MME. MASSIGLI *and* H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR *with* DR. S. L. SIMPSON, *President and founder of Simpson's Services Club, at the lunch in honour of the forces of the United Nations, held on the anniversary of VE-Day.*

ADMIRAL H. KENT HEWITT, *Commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, and his daughter,* MARY, *at the party given by Mr. James F. Byrnes for the Foreign Ministers in Paris.*

SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN, *head of the British delegation to the United Nations Security Council, supped with* GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, LAURENCE OLIVIER *and* VIVIEN LEIGH *after he had seen the Old Vic "King Henry IV."*

PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT *took his toy panda for comparison with the real animal when he visited the Zoo to see the newly-arrived Unity (Lien Ho).* PRINCESS ALEXANDRA *came too, and a little friend (right).*

PAULETTE GODDARD, *here to discuss plans with Sir A. Korda, "declared this bottle open" at the French Club, on the second anniversary of her wedding to Burgess Meredith, who had autographed the bottle.*

The London Zoo authorities have selected a DOZEN GLAMOUR GIRLS TO RUN PETS' CORNER. *Here are eleven of them, each holding a pet, and looking smart in their jodhpurs and red or gold shirts.*

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

EMLYN WILLIAMS *stars in "The Winslow Boy," produced last week at the Lyric after its try-out tour. His adaptation of "Guest in the House" is at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage.*

[PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON ANTHONY.]

MISS PRUDENCE BLAKE, *younger daughter of Captain G. S. Blake, is engaged to Captain J. A. Fergusson-Cuninghame, M.C., Grenadier Guards, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Cuninghame.*

MISS YVETTE BAILLIEU, *daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Baillieu, is engaged to Mr. R. R. Wilson, second son of the late Mr. A. A. Wilson.*

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN *had a few words with one of the pikemen of the guard of honour at Guildhall when he went to the dinner of the National Association of Boys' Clubs.*

MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, *daughter of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, with "Fact," one of the thoroughbred saddle-horses which Generalissimo Stalin presented to her father.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

H.H. THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI—*for handing out some leather-hunting to Cambridge when he scored a century against them.*

CHANDU SARWATE *and* SHUTE BANERJEE—*for making six cricket records in forty minutes against Surrey at the Oval.*

MISS JOAN CURRY—*for being the "dark horse" of the Wightman Cup trials.*

ARNOLD POWELL and JOHN HIDALGO MOYA are the young winners of the 700-guineas prize offered by Westminster's City Council in a Pimlico housing-scheme competition. The plan includes widened roads, gardens on bombed sites to counteract Pimlico's drabness and eventual reduction of the district's population from 36,000 to 30,000. To achieve their object, the twenty-five- and twenty-six-year-old architects threw up their jobs, lived on incomes of £2 a week each in bed-sitting-rooms; designed and planned and dreamed for months. The block they planned will cover 33 acres with 600 yards of frontage. There are two-, four- and five-roomed flats in it. All have private balconies, lifts, central heating, and many have a view of the river. The Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects says: "The outstanding feature of the winning design is its human scale. It is not a collection of great barracks, but a charming series of garden closes diverse in character in spite of the fact that some of the flat blocks are nine stories high." Sixty-four other architects competed, including some well-known names.

ARNOLD POWELL *and* JOHN MOYA—*for making their housing dream come true and winning a prize of 700 guineas in the process.*

TO find the half-wild pony models he wants to paint, President of the Royal Academy SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS sets out riding over Exmoor, canvas under arm, followed by his groom carrying the folding easel. The ponies will be discovered in their haunts among the hollows between the hills.

IN the Cambridge University *v.* All-India cricket match at Cambridge on a chilly day H.H. THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI, India's captain, kept himself warm making 121 runs in the first innings. It was the second match of the Indian team in England this season.

CHANDU SARWATE and SHUTE BANERJEE made six cricket records in forty minutes at the Oval recently in the All-India *v.* Surrey match, when they carried their tenth-wicket stand of 193 to 249. Their partnership was a record for Indian cricket, for cricket in England, and for a touring side anywhere. The score-card bore the totals for Nos. 10 and 11: C. T. Sarwate not out, 124; S. Banerjee, b. Parker, 121. Total, with extras, 454. It was the world's biggest stand for a last-wicket partnership; the first time such batsmen have each scored a century, and the first time such a partnership has begun with both men at 0.

MISS JOAN P. CURRY is expected to do big things in the trials for the Wightman Cup singles at Surbiton this week. She started playing lawn-tennis just before war broke out; worked in a factory during the war; was coached by a lawn-tennis and squash pro. called Roberts. She is even better at squash than at lawn-tennis; in March last she entered for her first tournament in London and beat everybody, including the ex-champion Susan Noel, now Mrs. Powell.

SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, P.R.A.—*for riding out fully armed in search of models on the moors.*

THE MAN TO CURE AMERICA'S JUVENILE DELINQUENCY: G-CHIEF HOOVER.

Post-war crime by the under-21's is Director of America's F.B.I. MR. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S *headache, just as it is Scotland Yard's. In America juveniles commit not only 15 per cent. of all American murders, but 21 per cent. of all American crime—girls as well as boys. G-Chief Hoover, who outsmarted such gangsters as Al Capone and Dillinger, is up against the crimes of the children of the men and women called up by war to the Services and the factories, who lacked parental control and discipline. As part of his anti-crime educational system Mr. Hoover is arranging for 1000 schoolchildren a day to see the F.B.I.'s collection of crime exhibits; to study the work of the pundits, chemists, pathologists, fingerprint experts, et al., ranged behind the F.B.I. These lessons do not create more criminals; most children go home wanting to be G-men. Mr. Hoover hit a psychological nail on the head when he said: "We must keep the crackpots and mushy thinkers who treat the juvenile as an infant away from the problem. Nothing irritates the delinquent more than to be treated in this way."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

STUDYING TO BE WISE, GAY AND CLEVER:

MISS GRAESSER, MISS PAT PAUL *and* MISS ROSEMARY BAKER-CRESSWELL, *members of the Monkey Club, are preparing dinner for a party at which they will function as hostesses and parlourmaids.*

Close-up of MISS CLAIRE BULL *and* MISS JEA
Science flat of the Monkey Club. Househld
in the c

Studying high-speed shorthand: The MISSES S.
RAPERPORT, *and (front row)* ELISE MIDWOOD *and*
standing by the b

Choir rehearsal: MISS ELSE MAYER *is conducting the musical Monkeys who include the* MISSES JACQUELINE JOHNSON, TILBURY, BAKER-CRESSWELL, ANTHEA SHELLEY, ANNE PRIOR, BRIDGET ADAMS, PAT PAUL, DEIRDRE CORRY, CYNTHIA SAVILLE *and* BAKER.

THE MONKEY CLUB, finishing school where young girls learn to be wise and clever without ceasing to be gay, charming and happy, has been turning out students for twenty-three years, and boasts that its curriculum will fit girls for a full, active and useful life in any sphere to which they may eventually gravitate. Domestic science, secretarial training, music and the arts can all be studied under specialists; the surroundings in which the girls work are beautiful, and dances and social gatherings take place in the Club itself, which is separate from the working quarters of the

[*Continued opposite.*

MME. MAYER-LISMANN, *formerly official lecturer a*
Music section of the Monkey Club, with a pr

N.B. A Coloured pla

GIRLS OF THE MONKEY CLUB AT WORK.

TH at work in the kitchen of the Domestic gement and cooking are important subjects lum.

SMAY JANE LUXMORE *and* MYRA URNEY, *with the teacher,* MISS BOND, *ard.*

lzburg festivals, and now head of the pupil, MISS CYNTHIA SAVILLE.

inserted in this issue.

Monkeys learning top-gear typing: MISS PHILLIPS *and* MISS SKELTON, *the teachers, with the* MISSES IRIS WILLIAMS *and* SUSAN DIGGLE *(front row),* BRIDGET CHASEMORE, JACQUELINE JOHNSON *and* PRISCILLA GOULDERSMITH *(second row) and* DIANA LONGWORTH.

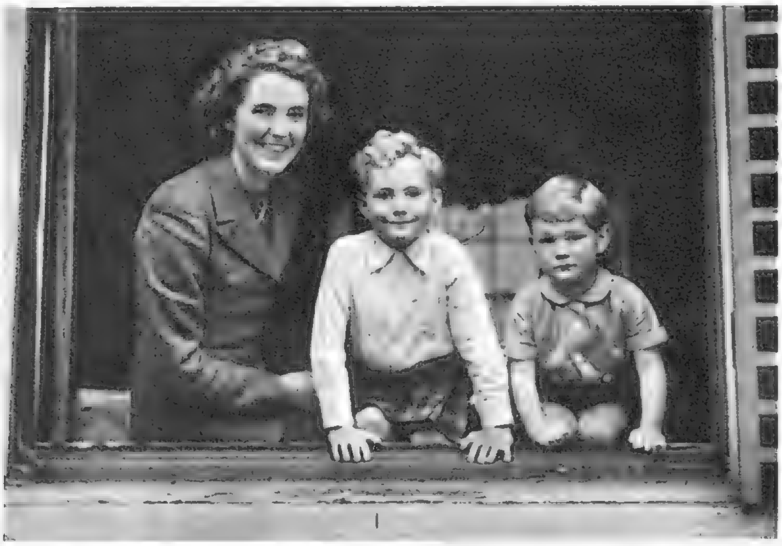
In the studio: The MISSES PHYLLIDA PENNINGTON, ANNE FISHER *and* BRIDGET CHASEMORE, *with* MISS LEUPOLD *on the right. The Pegasus model in the background is the work of Miss P. Nicholson, daughter of Sir Ronald Nicholson.*

Continued.]
"Monkeys." The girls who are now studying at the Monkey Club include Miss Van Breugel Douglas, daughter of the Netherlands Ambassador to Moscow, and the daughter of the British Ambassador to Spain, who is working for matriculation at the Country Branch of the Club. A very successful concert was given recently by students and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who started and inspired the choir, was present and gave high praise to the performance.

BOROUGH COUNCILLOR AND HEALTH AND BEAUTY CHIEF.

LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, formerly Miss Prunella Stack, is the director of the Women's League of Health and Beauty founded by her mother, the late Mrs. Bagot Stack. She is at the moment busy with the arrangements for the big Rally which the League is holding at Wembley on June 1, when over 1500 members will take part in the display. She is also a member of the Kensington Borough Council, so she leads a very full and active life. She married Squadron Leader Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, R.A.F. Vol. Reserve, fourth son of the thirteenth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, in 1938, and her sons, Diarmid and Iain, were born in 1940 and 1942 respectively. Lord David died on active service in 1944. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRODRICK VERNON HALDANE.]

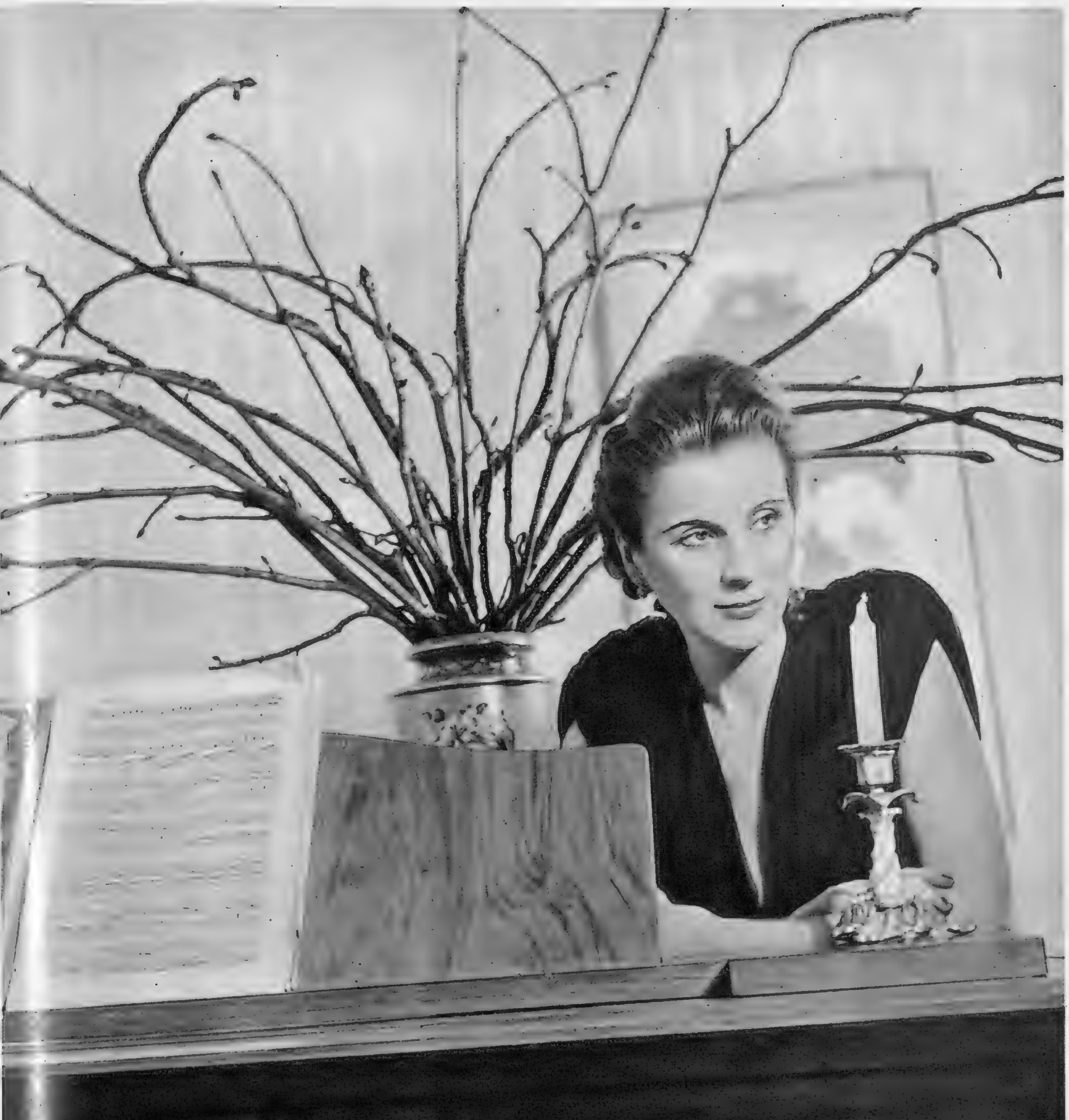
Young IAIN DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, *who will be four years old in August, listening to a favourite record which* LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON *has put on for him.*



LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, *Director of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, at the window of her Campden Hill Square house, with her sons,* DIARMID *and* IAIN.

LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, *formerly Miss Prunella Stack, with her elder son,* DIARMID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, *in the garden of their London home.*

Ming, the Chow, is an important member of the Douglas-Hamilton household, and is here posed for his picture, with LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON *and* DIARMID.



TO PLAY A WICKED WIDOW TO-NIGHT.

MISS DIANA WYNYARD *is due to appear at the Piccadilly Theatre to-night, May 29, as Tanis, the wicked-widow heroine of "Portrait in Black," the American murder "thriller" which has had a try-out run in the provinces before coming to London. She plays opposite to Hugh Williams, and the cast also includes Ronald Squire. Our portrait of Miss Wynyard shows her "as herself" in her London flat drawing-room, which has a delightful striped wallpaper in yellow and grey.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.

Prologue to "NO ROOM AT THE INN": *The Billeting Officer* (TONY QUINN; *standing*) *hears Inspector Willis* (NEVILLE BROOKE) *question Ronnie* (STANLEY CONETT) *after the tragedy. Norma* (JOAN DOWLING) *and Mary* (MARY KIMBER) *(l. and r.).*

Norma (JOAN DOWLING), *alarmed by the questions put to her by the Inspector after the death of Mrs. Voray. Lily* (KATHLEEN NUGENT), *Irene* (VALERIE FOREST), *Ronnie* (STANLEY CONETT) *are on the left and Judith Drave* (GWENDOLINE WATERFORD) *right.*

REMARKABLE ACTING IN A MODERN TRAGEDY.

"NO ROOM AT THE INN," by Joan Temple, was originally produced at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, and has now come to the Winter Garden Theatre. It is a modern tragedy set in the early days of the war when children were evacuated to "safe areas" and billeted hurriedly—and often unsuitably. A party of girls and one boy are put in the care of Mrs. Voray, a drunken slut and virago. She is found suffocated in her bed under a pillow, and the play reveals how the tragedy occurred. The acting is particularly fine.

Mrs. Voray (FREDA JACKSON), *drunken and worthless virago, h had a party of child evacuees billeted on her at the beginning of war. She terrifies Norma Smith* (JOAN DOWLING) *by her violen*

Mrs. Voray is venting her alcoholic ill-humour and sadistic tendencies on the unfortunate Ronnie (STANLEY CONETT), *and to the horror of Mary* (MARY KIMBER) *threatens to lock him up in the dark cellar.*

Mary is determined to rescue Ronnie from the cellar, so decides to keep the drunken Mrs. Voray quiet by laying a pillow over her face. Norma, terrified lest their enemy should wake, watches proceedings.

". . . I don't like this. My post is on the tower. . . ." Heracles (SEBASTIAN SHAW) leads the Watchman (RICHARD WATTIS) astray and gets tight himself before his battle with Death.

Alcestis (EILEEN HERLIE) *has offered to die in place of her husband Admetus* (JOHN JUSTIN), *and takes a moving farewell of him, Myrtilla* (GILLIAN HOWELL), *and Pheres* (LESLIE HANDFORD).

FUN WITH THE GREEKS AT HAMMERSMITH.

Death (POLA NIRENSKA) *comes to fetch Alcestis, who has offered to go with him in place of her husband Admetus, and thus win immortal fame as the wife who died to save her lord.*

"She is as alive as ever": Heracles brings Alcestis back from the dead, and hands her over to Admetus. He is on top of his form over this victory, and she has not as yet fully recovered consciousness after drinking the waters of Lethe.

"THE THRACIAN HORSES," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is a new interpretation of the story of Alcestis, the Queen who died in place of her husband, and was brought back from the underworld by the valour of that bumptious success-story Man of Action Heracles (Hercules). The author, Maurice J. Valency, tells the story with merry satirical wit, and somewhat "debunks" Alcestis' claim to rank as the world's most devoted wife.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MOST of the great works of art are either extant or known about. We may lament the lost poems of Sappho, but at any rate we know that they existed. Since the invention of printing there have been dramatic disappearances and dramatic discoveries; since the war many books have gone out of circulation; but on the whole it is true that the masterpieces of literature that mankind has once enjoyed, mankind does not willingly let die. The best, or at any rate the knowledge of the best, is still ours.

But in two departments of literature we can claim no such assurance. There may have been diarists, and letter-writers, whose writings, had they been preserved, would have surpassed in interest any that have survived. "I have been destroying some old letters": of how many masterpieces may not those simple words have been the death-knell.

Madame de Sévigné is by common consent the greatest of letter-writers. Though some of her letters have been lost, more than 1200 have come down to us. But of her beloved daughter's, to whom she wrote in season and out of season, we have only a handful; for *her* descendants, regarding them as too private for posterity, destroyed them.

Who Was Right?

What was the Comtesse de Grignan like? According to her mother, a phœnix, a paragon of wit, beauty, learning and charm. Saint-Simon, however, makes this note about her: "Madame de Grignan, an elderly and affected beauty, died at Marseilles; and in spite of what Madame de Sévigné has said in her letters, she was but little regretted by her husband, her family or the people of Provence."

A severe judgment, which posterity has been inclined to endorse: Madame de Grignan, her mother's favourite, like other favourites, has had few friends. But latterly there has been a change in the public estimate of this remarkable woman, this lovely, sophisticated bluestocking who rejoiced in the philosophy of Descartes. Both Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith and Mr. Arthur Stanley, whose social, historical and biographical commentary on Madame de Sévigné's Letters has just come out, agree that posterity may have been wrong. It is noteworthy that Madame de Grignan's brother Charles, who had every reason to be jealous of her, since she completely eclipsed him in his mother's affections, writes to her in the warmest terms.

As to Madame de Sévigné herself, there seems never to have been more than one opinion, and that a golden one. "Joy," wrote her great friend, Madame de la Fayette, "is the natural state of her being." And Saint-Simon, who does not appear to have been easy to please, wrote of her: "She was a woman who by her easy wit, natural grace and pleasant disposition, seemed to impart the same qualities to anyone she conversed with, even when Nature had denied them."

France and England.

Born in 1626, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, for six years the wife, and for forty-five years the widow, of that noted duellist Henri de Sévigné, died of smallpox in 1676. "*J'ai fait mon rôle,*" she said, shortly before the end. But she might have died yesterday, so fresh is her thought, so modern her way of expressing it; and to these qualities, perhaps more than to the subtleties of her style, Mr. Stanley's translations do full justice. One has only to compare these letters with those of Dorothy Osborne, which, in their minor way, are scarcely less charming—are, indeed, as moonlight to sunlight—to realise that in personal awareness and social sophistication, France was a century ahead of England. Who, living in the same period in England, could have said of an ill-favoured friend, "He abused the privilege men have of being ugly"?

Madame de Sévigné was not always a happy woman. The separations from her daughter (and it was a far cry from Brittany to Provence) were a torment to her. We do not know to what extent her daughter returned her affection. Mr. Stanley thinks that she received the punishment of those who "love too much, which is to be loved too little." She does not try to conceal her unhappiness. But, like everything else she touches, she turns it to favour and to prettiness; she is as enchanting when she is sad as when she is gay. Of all literary companionships, hers is perhaps the most continuously delightful. She loved society and gossip (she was not without malice); but she had an equal love, and perhaps a greater longing, for solitude. A century before Rousseau, she felt Rousseau's romantic passion for Nature and wandered for hours alone among the woods of Livry and Les Rochers.

Madame de Sévigné's many devotees will not want, and may even resent, a commentary and an interpretation; but those who are but on the fringes of her friendship will owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Stanley's pious, painstaking and illuminating work.

MARGARET LUCE *is the author of "The Kingmaker," at the St. James's, a new play which paints a dramatic portrait of the Earl of Warwick who put Edward IV. on the throne. She is the daughter of the late Admiral Sir Trevelyan Napier, K.C.B., and wife of Mr. William Luce. Their two children are* RICHARD *and* DIANA.

An Intimate Biography.

"Forth, Beast!" is a continuation of Mr. Louis Marlow's intimate biography of his friend Dexter Foothood. Dexter, he says,

> is a peculiarly good subject for a book because he is exceptionally truthful about himself . . . the account I give of him will often seem unflattering: he will seem, perhaps, unpardonably selfish, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, lecherous, cowardly, snobbish, mean, not without criminal tendencies, a prey, indeed, for many vices, not always of an amiable kind. My own conviction, none the less, is that he is better on the whole than most men. . . .

One is handicapped in any comment one might make on this by the fact that every now and then Dexter appears to be a real person, and the friend of other real people, whom Mr. Marlow mentions by name; and one does not wish to hurt or to offend. By "better than other men," does he mean morally better? or (since the saying *bon animal, bon homme* is one of the book's mottoes) a better animal, and therefore a better man? Dexter was three times married, and in certain aspects his book seems to be written in defence, or perhaps in praise, of sensuality: an enterprise which would have had Blake's blessing. But surely Dexter protests too much, or Mr. Marlow protests too much on his behalf.

Many of the delights of sensuality are incommunicable by the written word, and the attempt should not be made; nor are the greatest experts usually those who proclaim their prowess and their triumphs. In the past Mr. Marlow has often been a novelist of the love-affair, but his account of such experiences has had a poetry, an excitement, and an intriguing intellectual approach which we do not always find in his memorials of Dexter.

At his best he is still witty, sophisticated, cultivated, urbane—yes, and possessed of a seriousness and a finesse of mind that make these rare qualities doubly enjoyable; a literary aristocrat, elegant but unaffected. But Dexter insists on all sorts of revelations and confessions; besides his private life, he wants us to know his views on public affairs, on the two world-wars, on politics, money and snobbery. He has, of course, many good things to say; but, debarred from a literary approach, his mind loses its distinction and becomes gossipy.

Career v. Marriage.

The beautiful blonde on the cover of "Doctor Chris," wearing a surgeon's white overall, clasping a stethoscope and challenging the world with hurt but determined eyes, is really a travesty of Miss Elizabeth Seifert's attractive, ill-used heroine. When Dr. Chris Metcalf arrived at Lakeside Hospital as the new "intern," she disappointed everyone by being a woman, and they told her so, even 6 ft. 4 in. Dr. Edmons told her—which is strange, for Americans have the reputation, and justly, of being polite to women. Allan Gifford (not so tall as Dr. Edmons, but just as handsome) told her the same: when they were married, he said, she must give up being a doctor. It looked as though Chris would have to choose between her career and marriage: but meanwhile there were patients to attend to, and mysterious attempts at sabotage in a nearby factory to circumvent. . . .

In outline, Miss Seifert's story is rather crude, though its plot keeps one guessing. In treatment and technique it is accomplished and often subtle. Gifford—selfish, quick-tempered, good-natured—is a clever study, and the dialogue is quick and witty. Miss Seifert never wastes words and makes her effects with the minimum of fuss. Only a doctor could vouch for the accuracy of her medical knowledge, but it is convincing enough to give many a qualm to a layman with a tendency to hypochondria.

Vivid and Unusual.

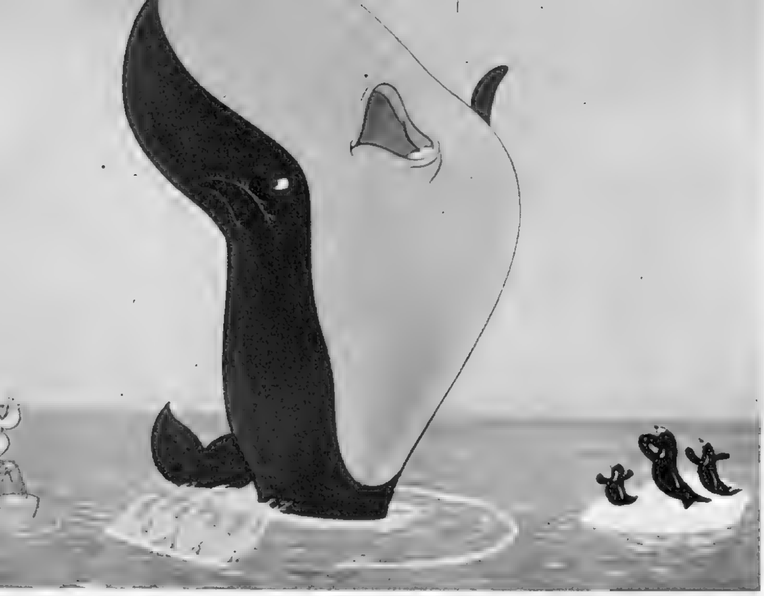
It is pleasant to find that the attractive family of Starkadder has sprung, as it were, a collateral branch. The Ravens can hold their own in eccentricity, and even if they are less comic they are at all events more erudite than their cousins. Detective stories are getting to depend for their individuality almost entirely on their settings, and Mr. Michael Innes's opening scene in the railway train is unusual and vivid. The first of these qualities is maintained throughout the book; but the second suffers diminution as the story winds its way into the realms of the fantastic. "Appleby's End" is a sinister title, but the shudders it evokes become rarer as the mystery grows not deeper but more diffuse.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Madame de Sévigné. Her Letters and Her World. By Arthur Stanley. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s. net.*)
Forth, Beast! By Louis Marlow. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)
Doctor Chris. By Elizabeth Seifert. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Appleby's End. By Michael Innes. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

HEARTBEAT HEROINE.

GINGER ROGERS, *to quote the official Hollywood announcements, "will soon be affecting pulse-rates" in the new Hakim-Wood production "Heartbeat," released through RKO Radio, and due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 7. Here she is, looking more streamlined and fascinating than ever. In "Heartbeat" Ginger plays the part of a Parisian orphan, who becomes a pickpocket "for a night in order to remain honest forever"; and has Jean Pierre Aumont, Adolphe Menjou and Basil Rathbone as members of her strong supporting cast.*



Willie, the singing whale, is known to his friends as "the whale who wanted to sing at the Met" (Metropolitan Opera House, New York).

Impresario Professor Tetti-Tatti searches for Willie across the high seas: finds him, but confirmed sceptic, he thinks Willie has swallowed a bevy of opera stars; can't sing himself.

CHAMPION SINGING WHALE OF "MAKE MINE MUSIC."

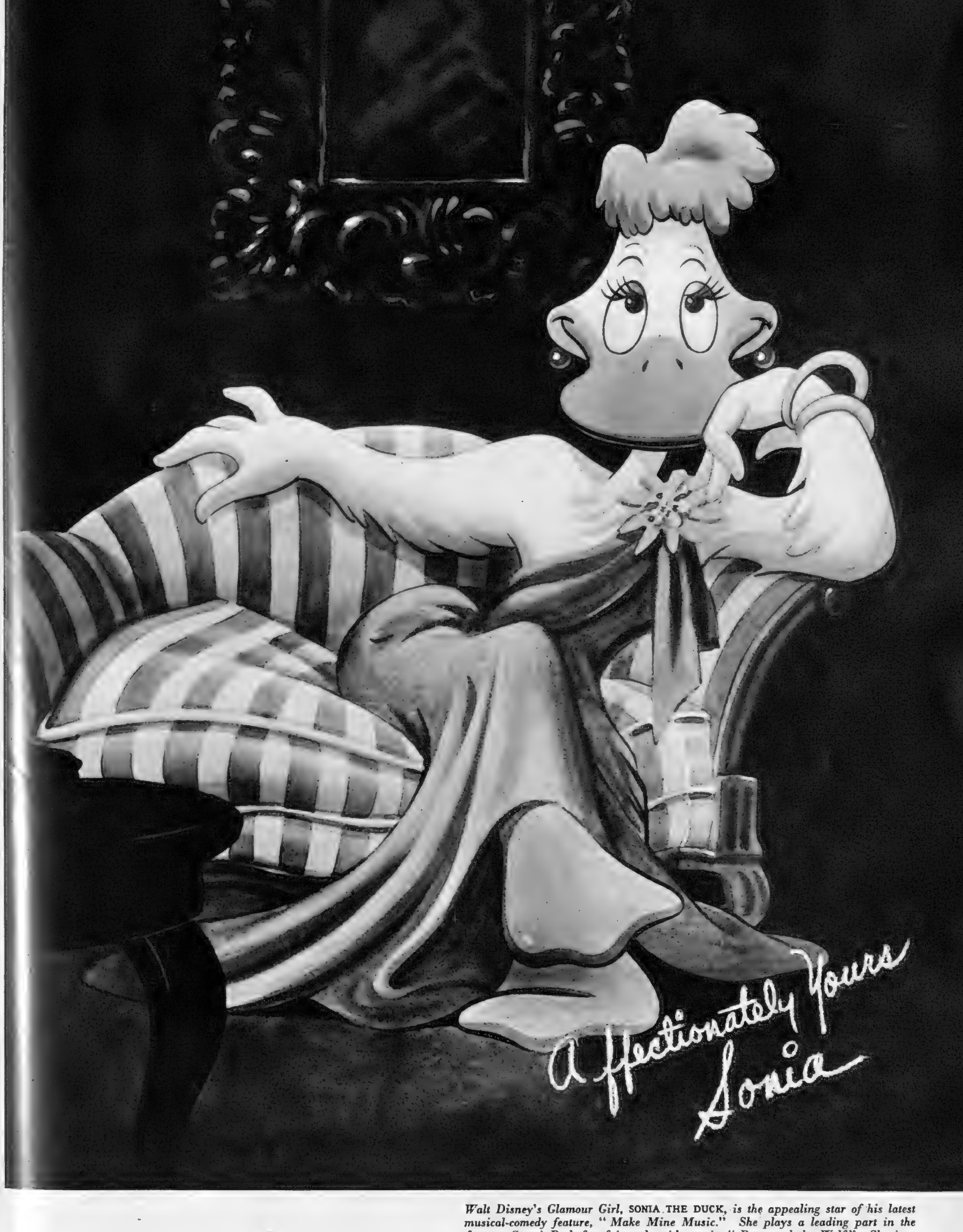
NEWEST Walt Disney star in "Make Mine Music," a full-length Technicolor comedy musical due in London shortly is Willie, the Singing Whale, ninth wonder of the age, who wanted to sing in opera. His story is brilliantly worked out in the sequence "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met." Nelson Eddy, famous radio and screen star, "ghost-stars" in this episode, assuming all the vocal rôles and narration. Through a process just developed by Disney for this RKO Radio film, Nelson Eddy is heard from Willie's great mouth as soprano, tenor, baritone or bass; as a trio in which he is all three voices at once; and in the Grand Finale he even gives voice to a choir of 100. This makes Willie the champion singer of all time; and while the effect heightens the comedy, it deepens the tragedy of this inspired cetacean!

But Willie is well aware of his talents; sees himself holding packed audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House spellbound with his tearful rendering of Canio in "Pagliacci."

The rôle of Mephistopheles gives Willie a chance to ent[illegible]ral and terrify his audience with a realistic burst of fiery fla[illegible]e; red-hot passionate notes.

To the accompaniment of a chorus of Nelson Eddys (singing all together by a new Walt Disney method) Willie rises majestically to the heavens.

Willie's reputation soon reaches England, and readers of "The Illustrated London News" learn of the mighty musical accomplishments of the Yank Whale.



Pin-up Girl:
No. 53 Walt Disney's Sonia

Walt Disney's Glamour Girl, SONIA THE DUCK, *is the appealing star of his latest musical-comedy feature, "Make Mine Music." She plays a leading part in the famous Sergei Prokofiev fairy-tale with music, "Peter and the Wolf." She is a simple Russian-peasant duck, and comes to Hollywood to test for the Prokofiev film. Naturally she has to go through an elaborate "glamourization" routine and comes out in this exquisite guise, after prolonged sessions with hairdressers, make-up men, voice teachers, directors, and so forth. She is considered for Bette Davis, Betty Grable, and Ingrid Bergman rôles, but after much time has been spent on changing her personality, Sonia is cast for her original peasant-duck part.*

FIVE-FIFTEEN AT ST. PANCRAS.*

By FREDA C. BOND.

Of course, it would happen like this: that I 'd be early meeting Philip when I never seemed to be in time for appointments with George. Poor George, he did get livid. That day at the Ivy, and when I missed the train to Frinton and Miranda simply forced him into her air-raid shelter, and he had to stay there a solid hour being a chuff-chuff to amuse the cook's nephew. Not that I could have done anything about the air raid or the cook's nephew if I *had* caught the train, but men are so illogical.

And they oughtn't to be illogical, or livid either. I really must look up that word some day, and see whether it means white or crimson. Or is it liver-coloured? But liver-and-white spaniels aren't a bit the same colour as liver when you have it with bacon, if you do. Anyway, George is more the colour of beef-steak. Practically raw.

Of course, Philip isn't beefy. Almost too much the lily-white boy. And I wish he were taller. George is every bit of 6 ft., and though Philip says he is 5 ft. 8 in. my hair never catches on his buttons, which it would if he was.

If there 's one place on earth I hate, it 's St. Pancras. Well, of course, I hate the dentist's more. Heaven send there 's a decent dentist at this love-nest place of Philip's, though a hairdresser matters more, of course. My sweet Philip wouldn't know a thing about hairdressers. All he notices is sunsets. It was rather marvellous, what he said that time, about seeing the sunset reflected in my eyes. George would never have thought of that. But you can't live on sunsets.

That sunset picture of Philip's in the Academy. He hasn't sold it. I wonder what he really does make out of his painting. He 's so frightfully vague. George thinks his things are lousy. But George hasn't a scrap of taste. He was absurd about this hat.

People are either too artistic or not artistic enough. Except me. I 'm just right, I should think; neither highbrow nor low. I expect Philip is maundering with some of his arty friends at this moment, drooling about abstract form or what have you, forgetting the time——

Still, it isn't five-fifteen: barely ten past. I 'd have time to go to the Ladies and fix myself. George was right, in a way, about this hat. It was absurd to talk about a cutlet frill on the top of a hard-boiled egg; there isn't the slightest resemblance. All the same, it has the most infuriating way of sliding sideways. Surely, now we 've atomised the Japs, we 'll get some proper elastic.

"Ladies' Waiting Room. First Class" it said on the door, but I must say, looking round, you wouldn't think so. You 'd wonder they had the nerve to come in, some of them. If it wasn't for the price, you 'd say it was gin she was drinking, that woman in the corner. And I suppose that frightful stuff the little piece with the Victory scarf is spooning all over her infant's face is orange-juice. First Class. What makes them think so? I bet they haven't got first-class tickets. Oh, I hope Philip takes firsts. I should think he 's bound to: it 's like a honeymoon. How mad George got when Angela chucked the confetti into our compartment. Though anyone would have spotted us from the luggage. Splock new. And my fur coat. The gift of the bridegroom. It wore well, too. You must hand it to George, everything he buys is good. I remember we had to buy an extra case to bring back all the things he bought me on the honeymoon. He really was rather lamb-like—then.

Can't get near the glass. That ponderous woman fixing her hair. Women certainly do look their worst in a station waiting-room. I suppose it 's the light. Don't know why—it always makes me think of a harem: rows of women sitting and waiting. But they 'd be better-looking, or so one hopes.

Oh, help: it 's nearly twenty past! I must dash back to the bookstall. Suppose Philip 's arrived and thinks I haven't come after all——

Could that be Philip, pushing his way past those enormous dames? No. Definitely not. The bookstall chappie seems to be eyeing me. Can't keep hanging about buying nothing.

Sketch? Tatler? Vogue? Well, what *have* you got? But they never have anything nowadays except those dreary Government pamphlet things telling you how to make the best of dried eggs.

Philip really is the limit. He might think of my feelings for once. Here am I, leaving everything for him, and he can't even take the trouble to be on time.

Leaving absolutely everything. Leaving—my suit-case! My suitcase—help! Of course, I left it in the Ladies. Well, it can stay there until Philip comes. I can't keep dashing back and forth. I do hope I 've packed the right things. The pinafore frock that Phil likes. And the grey georgette. Oh, help—I didn't pack the belt. Oh, I am an ass. Oh, I am. It 's simply nothing without the belt. Any dreary school-marm could wear it. Perhaps if I took the red belt from my black—— But it won't be the same thing. And Philip notices. Not like George. Oh, it 's going to be marvellous, being with someone who really *sees* you. Who knows what jokes amuse you. Who knows what you like to eat. George always will have *table-d'hôte*—no imagination.

Will he be awfully cut-up? I don't think so. I 'll wire to-night and then write. Everything is so hurried. Suddenly hearing from George this morning that he was coming back to-day, when I hadn't expected him till next week. It was now or never, Philip said. But I wish I had had time to pack properly. I suppose George will let Mabel do it for me, and send the things on. Mabel will be thrilled about me and Philip. So will cook. But disapproving. They both adore Philip. He certainly has a way with him. But then, they are devoted to George, too. Well, of his type, he is a decent old thing. But one couldn't get thrilled over him.

But then, of course, one could—once. It all comes back to me. That idiotic song: "How do you feel When you marry your ideal? Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey."

I remember they were playing it on the band, that first evening at Tenby. And I couldn't have felt goosier.

I 'm feeling pretty goosey now. Distinctly sick, in fact. I 'm alarmed, really, about Philip not being here. Did he say five-thirty, after all? No, of course he didn't. Five-fifteen at St. Pancras. Five-thirty, King's Cross, is the time that George's train gets in.

Suppose there has been an accident. There was a play I saw once, a one-act thing. A man and a girl going away together. And the man goes out to get a taxi and he gets run over. He just doesn't come back. She goes back to her husband. Well, what else could she do?

Oh, this is frightful, this waiting. I 'll jolly well give it to Philip when he comes. But perhaps he won't come. If he were dead he couldn't, of course. Nothing short of being dead will excuse him, and I 'm not sure that that would, really. One thing I do know—George would never have got run over on his way to elope with me. But Philip is selfish. Artists are. If there 's one thing I can't endure, it 's selfishness.

"Let him go, let him tarry"—how that song does stick. "I 'm going to marry a far nicer boy." Am I, and is he? Philip nicer than George? Well, of course he is. More sensitive. Wittier. Better features. Doesn't snore. At least, I think not. Marry. I suppose so, ultimately. Whatever I want, George will do. It 's rather marvellous, knowing that. I don't know it about Philip. If to-day is a sample of Philip's behaviour, the outlook is pretty dim. Waiting at a station. I 've never done it before, for anyone.

Half-past five. George will be getting in at King's Cross now. In ten minutes he 'll be home. He 'll wonder where I am. Poor George. Standing in the hall and shouting "Bunnikins, Bunnikins." It makes me sick. So it does Philip. If there 's one animal I 'm not in the very least like, it 's a rabbit.

Then he 'll go dashing upstairs, into my room. And he won't find me. He won't find anything. There wasn't even time for the usual pincushion note. He 'll stand there, looking lost-doggish, the way he does. Poor George. It 's rather sick-making, really.

The first year, when George came home from business trips, I used to go and meet him at the station. I got in such a panic if the train was late, thinking there must have been an accident. And now I 'm panicking about Philip——

Oh, good heavens, what on earth 's happened? Here 's George coming towards me! Has he found out about Philip and me? But how could he? Oh, let me hide. He hasn't seen me. Yes, he has! Coming straight towards me, grinning like a maniac. So he can't have found out. Unless he 's murdered Philip, out there in the station yard, and is gloating.

Pull yourself together, girl. Be natural.

Hullo, George. Yes—yes—it *is* a long time since I came to meet you at the station. Quite like old times. You what? You hoped I would? That 's why you told me the time of your train. Oh, yes. Yes, of course. No, no, I hadn't anything else to do this afternoon. Have I been waiting long? Well, yes, I have a bit. I got a little muddled about times. Whether it was five-fifteen or five-thirty, you know. And about stations. It 's funny: I thought you said you were arriving at King's Cross——

What, George? What did you say? This *is* King's Cross? Then he wasn't to blame after all. I 've been waiting all this time at the wrong——

No, George, no—I wasn't saying anything. Just burbling. No, nothing 's the matter. Nothing at all.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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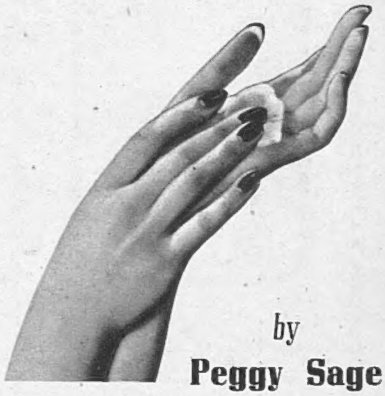

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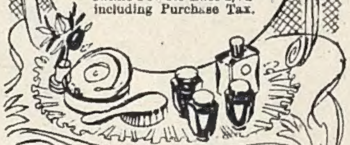

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